*Per.* May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

2. What a drunken knave was the sea,
To cast thee in our way.

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the winde,
In that vast Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreates you pitty him:
He askes of you, that never used to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heer's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, than we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

*Per.* I never practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starve sure; for heere's nothing to be got now-adayes, unlesse thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I have beene, I have forget to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throngd up with cold, my veines are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man pray see me buried.

1 Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I have a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore me a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'l have flesh for all day, fish for fasting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thanke you sir.

2. Hearke you, my friend, You said you could not beg.

*Per.* I did but crave.

2. But crave? then Ile turne craver too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt, I would wish no better office, than to be Beadle. But Master, Ile goe draw the Net.

*Per.* How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you sir, doe you know where ye are?

*Per.*



*Per.* Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *P*
And our King, the good *Sym*

*Per.* The good King *Symon*

1. I sir, and he deserves so
For his peaceable raigne, and

*Per.* He is a happy King, si
His Subjects, the name of g
How farre is his Court distan

1. Marry sir halfe a dayes j
faire daughter; and to morr
Princes and Knights come fr
and Turney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes e
I could wish to make one th

1, O sir, things must be as
cannot get, he may lawfully

*Enter the two Fish*

2. Helpe, Master, helpe,
poore mans right in the law
on't, tis come at last, and ti

*Per.* An Armour, frien
Thankes Fortune, yet that
Thou giv'st me somewhat
And though it was mine ow
Which my dead father did
With this strict charge, eve
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it h
Twixt me and death: and
For that it saved me; keep
The which the gods prote
It kept where I kept, I so
Till the rough Seas (that s
Tooke it in rage, though c
I thanke thee for't, my sh
Since I have here my fathe

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